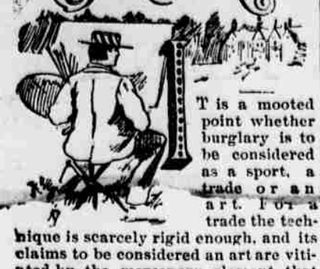
THE SCOTT COUNTY NEWSBOY.

PHIL. A. HAFNER, Publisher.

BENTON. - - - MISSOURI.

THE HAMMERPOND PARK BURGLARY.



It is a mooted point whether burglary is to be considered as a sport, a trade or an art. For a trade the technique is scarcely rigid enough, and its claims to be considered an art are vitiated by the mercenary element that qualifies its triumphs. On the whole it seems to be most justly ranked as sport, a sport for which no rules are at present formulated, and of which the prizes are distributed in an extremely informal manner. It was the informality of burglary that led to the regrettable extinction of two promising beginners at Hammerpond Park.

The stakes offered in this affair consisted chiefly of diamonds and other personal bric-a-brac belonging to the newly-married Lady Aveling. Lady Aveling, as the reader will remember, was the only daughter of Mrs. Montague Pangs, the well-known hostess. Her marriage to Lord Aveling was extensively advertised in the papers, the quantity and quality of her wedding presents, and the fact that the honeymoon was to be spent at Hammerpond. The announcement of these valuable prizes created a considerable sensation in the small circle in which Mr. Teddy Watkins was the undisputed leader, and it was decided that, accompanied by a duly qualified assistant, he should visit the town of Hammerpond in his professional capacity.

Being a man of naturally retiring and modest disposition, Mr. Watkins determined to make this visit incog., and after due consideration of the conditions of his enterprise, he selected the role of a landscape artist and the unassuming surname of Smith. He preceded his assistant, who, it was decided, should join him only on the last afternoon of his stay at Hammerpond. Now the village of Hammerpond is perhaps one of the prettiest little corners in Sussex; many thatched houses still survive, the flint-built church with its tall spire nestling under the down is one of the finest and least restored in the country, and the beechwoods and bracken jungle through which the road runs to the great house are singularly rich in what the vulgar artist and photographer call "bits." So that Mr. Watkins, on his arrival with two virgin canvases, a brand-new easel, a paint-box, portmanteau, an ingenious little ladder made in sections (after the pattern of that lamented master Charles Peace), crowbar and wire coils, found himself welcomed with effusion and some curiosity by half a dozen other brethren of the brush. It rendered the disguise he had chosen unexpectedly plausible, but it inflicted upon him a considerable amount of æsthetic conversation for which he was very imperfectly prepared.

"Have you exhibited very much?" said young Porson, in the bar parlor of the "Coach and Horses," where Mr. Watkins was skillfully accumulating local information on the night of his arrival.

"Very little," said Mr. Watkins; "just a snack here and there."

"Academy?"

"In course. *And* at the Crystal Palace."

"Did they hang you well?" said Porson.

"Don't rot," said Mr. Watkins; "I don't like it."

"I mean did they put you in a good place?"

"Whadyer mean?" said Mr. Watkins, suspiciously. "One 'ud think you were trying to make out I'd been put away."

Porson was a gentlemanly young man even for an artist, and he did not know what being "put away" meant, but he thought it best to explain that

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH THAT GREEN?"

he intended nothing of the sort. As the question of hanging seemed a sore point with Mr. Watkins he tried to divert the conversation a little.

"No, never had a head for figures," said Mr. Watkins. "My miss—Mrs. Smith, I mean, does all that."

"She paints, too!" said Porson. "That's rather jolly."

"Very," said Mr. Watkins, though he really did not think so, and, feeling the conversation was drifting a little beyond his grasp, added: "I came down here to paint Hammerpond house by moonlight."

"Really!" said Porson. "That's rather a novel idea."

"Yes," said Mr. Watkins, "I thought it rather a good notion when it occurred to me. I expect to begin tomorrow night."

"What! You do not mean to paint in the open, by night?"

"I do, though."

"But how will you see your canvas?"

"Have a bloomin" cop's—' began Mr. Watkins, rising too quickly to the question, and then realizing this, bawled to Miss Durgan for another glass of beer. "I'm goin' to have a thing called a dark lantern," he said to Porson.

"But it's about new moon now," objected Porson. "There won't be any moon."

"There'll be the house," said Watkins, "at any rate. I'm goin', you see, to paint the house first and the moon afterwards."

"Oh!" said Porson, too staggered to continue the conversation.

"They doo say," said old Durgan, the landlord, who had maintained a respectful silence during the technical conversation, "as there's no less than three p'licemen from 'Azelworth on dewty every night in the house—'count of this Lady Aveling and her jewelry. One 'm won fower-and-six last night off second footman—tossin'."

Towards sunset next day Mr. Watkins, virgin canvas, easel and a very considerable case of other appliances in hand, strolled up the pleasant pathway through the beech woods to Hammerpond park and pitched his apparatus in a strategic position commanding the house. Here he was observed by Mr. Raphael Sant, who was returning across the park from a study of the chalk pits. His curosity having been fired by Porson's account of the new arrival, he turned aside with the idea of discussing nocturnal art.

Mr. Watkins was apparently unaware of his approach. A friendly conversation with Lady Hammerpond's butler had just terminated, and that individual, surrounded by the three pet dogs which it was his duty to take for an airing after dinner had been served, was receding in the distance. Mr. Watkins was mixing color with an air of great industry. Sant, approaching more nearly, was surprised to see the color in question was as harsh and brilliant an emerald green as it is possible to imagine. Having cultivated an extreme sensibility to color from his earliest years, he drew the air in sharply between his teeth at the very first glimpse of this brew. Mr. Watkins turned round. He looked annoyed.

"What on earth are you going to do with that *beastly* green?" said Sant.

Mr. Watkins realized that his zeal to appear busy in the eyes of the butler had evidently betrayed him into some technical error. He looked at Sant and hesitated.

"Pardon my rudeness," said Sant; "but, really, that green is altogether too amazing. It came as a shock. What *do* you mean to do with it?"

Mr. Watkins was collecting his resources. Nothing could save the situation but decision. "If you come here interrupting my work," he said, "I'm a-goin' to paint your face with it."

Sant retired, for he was a humorist and a peaceful man. Going down the hill he met Porson and Wainwright. "Either that man is a genius or he is a dangerous lunatic," said he. "Just go up and look at his green." And he continued his way, his countenance brightened by a pleasant anticipation of a cheerful affray round an easel in the gloaming, and the shedding of much green paint.

But to Porson and Wainwright Mr. Watkins was less aggressive, and explained that the green was intended to be the first coating of his picture. It was, he admitted in response to a remark, an absolutely new method, invented by himself. But subsequently he became more reticent; he explained he was not going to tell every passer-by the secret of his own particular style, and added some scathing remarks upon the meanness of people "hanging about" to pick up such tricks of the masters as they could, which immediately relieved him of their company.

Twilight deepened, first one then another star appeared. The rooks amid the tall trees to the left of the house had long since lasped into slumberous silence, the house itself lost all the details of its architecture and became a dark gray outline, and then the windows of the salon shone out brilliantly, the conservatory was lighted up, and here and there a bedroom window burnt yellow. Had anyone approached the easel in the park it would have been found deserted. One brief uncivil word in brilliant green sullied the purity of its canvas. Mr. Watkins was busy in the shrubbery with his assistant, who had discreetly joined him from the carriage-drive.

Mr. Watkins was inclined to be self-congratulatory upon the ingenious device by which he had carried all his apparatus boldly, and in the sight of all men, right up to the scene of operations. "That's the dressing-room," he said to his assistant, "and, as soon as the maid takes the candle away and goes down to supper, we'll call in. My! how nice the house do look, to be sure, against the starlight, and with all its windows and lights! Swopme, Jim, I almost wish I *was* a painter-chap. Have you fixed that there wire across the path from the laundry?"

He cautiously approached the house until he stood below the dressing-room window, and began to put together his folding ladder. He was much too experienced a practitioner to feel any unusual excitement. Jim was reconnoitering the smoking-room. Suddenly, close beside Mr. Watkins in the bushes, there was a violent crash and a stifled curse. Some one had tumbled over the wire which his assistant had just arranged. He heard feet running on the gravel pathway beyond. Mr. Watkins, like all true artists, was a singularly shy man, and he incontinently dropped his folding ladder and began running circumspectly through the shrubbery. He was indistinctly aware of two people hot upon his heels, and he fancied that he distinguished the outline of his assistant in front of him. In another moment he had vaulted the low stone wall bounding the shrubbery, and was in the open park. Two thuds on the turf followed his own leap.

It was a close chase in the darkness through the trees. Mr. Watkins was a loosely-built man and in good training, and he gained hand-over-hand upon the hoarsely panting figure in front. Neither spoke, but, as Mr. Watkins pulled up alongside, a qualm of awful doubt came over him. The other man turned his head at the same moment and gave an exclamation of surprise. "It's not Jim," thought Mr. Watkins, and simultaneously the stranger flung himself, as it were, at Watkins' knees, and they were forthwith grappling on the ground together. "Lend a hand, Bill," cried the stranger, as the third man came up. And Bill did—two hands, in fact, and some accentuated feet. The fourth man, presumably Jim, had apparently turned aside and made off in a different direction. At any rate, he did not join the trio.

Mr. Watkins' memory of the incidents of the next two minutes is extremely vague. He has a dim recollection of having his thumb in the corner of the mouth of the first man, and feeling anxious about its safety, and for some seconds at least he held the head of the gentleman answering to the name of Bill to the ground by the hair. He was also kicked in a great number of different places apparently by a vast multitude of people. Then the gentleman who was not Bill got his knee below Mr. Watkins' diaphragm and tried to curl him up upon it.

When his sensations became less entangled he was sitting upon the turf, and eight or ten men—the night was dark, and he was rather too confused to count—standing round him, apparently waiting for him to recover. He mournfully assumed that he was captured, and would probably have made some philosophical reflections on the fickleness of fortune, had not his internal sensations disinclined him to speech.

He noticed very quickly that his wrists were not handcuffed, and then a flask of brandy was put in his hands. This touched him a little—it was such unexpected kin 'ness.

"He's a-comin' round," said a voice which he fancied he recognized as belonging to the Hammerpond second footman.

"We've got 'em, sir, both of 'em," said the Hammerpond butler, the man who had handed him the flask. "Thanks to *you*."

No one answered this remark. Yet he failed to see how it applied to him.

"He's fair dazed," said a strange voice; "the villains half murdered him."

Mr. Teddy Watkins decided to remain fair dazed until he had a better grasp of the situation. He perceived that two of the black figures round him stood side by side with a dejected air, and there was something in the carriage of their shoulders that suggested to his experienced eye hands that were bound together. In a flash he rose to his position. He emptied the little flask and staggered—obse-

"SHAKE HANDS, SIR, SHAKE HANDS."

quious hands assisting him to his feet. There was a sympathetic murmur.

"Shake hands, sir, shake hands," said one of the figures near him. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am very greatly indebted to you. It was the jewel of my wife, Lady Aveling, which attracted these scoundrels to the house."

"Very glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," said Teddy Watkins.

"I presume you saw the rascals making for the shrubbery and dropped down on them?"

"That's exactly how it happened," said Mr. Watkins.

"You should have waited until they got in at the window," said Lord Aveling. "They would get it hotter if they had actually committed the burglary. And it was lucky for you two of the policemen were out by the gates and followed up the three of you. I doubt if you could have secured the two of them—though it was confoundedly plucky of you all the same."

"Yes, I ought to have thought of all that," said Mr. Watkins; "but one can't think of everything."

"Certainly not," said Lord Aveling. "I am afraid they have mauled you a little," he added. The party was now moving towards the house. "You walk rather lame. May I offer you my arm?"

And instead of entering Hammerpond house by the dressing room window, Mr. Watkins entered it—slightly intoxicated, and inclined now to cheerfulness again—on the arm of a real live peer, and by the front door. "This," thought Mr. Watkins, "is burgling style!" The "scoundrels," seen by the gaslight, proved to be mere amateurs unknown to Mr. Watkins, and they were taken down into the pantry and there watched over by the three policemen, two gamekeepers with loaded guns, the butler, an ostler and a carman, until the dawn allowed of their removal to Hazelhurst police station. Mr. Watkins was made much of in the salon. They devoted a sofa to him, and would not hear of a return to the village that night. Lady Aveling was sure he was brilliantly original, and said her idea of Turner was just such another rough, half inebriated, deep-eyed, brave and clever man. Some one brought up a remarkable little folding ladder that had been picked up in the shrubbery, and showed him how it was put together. They also described how wires had been found in the schrubbery, evidently placed there to trip up unwary pursuers. It was lucky he had escaped these snares. And they showed him the jewels.

Mr. Watkins had the sense not to talk too much, and in conversational difficulty fell back on his internal pains. At last he was seized with stiffness in the back, and yawning. Everyone suddenly awoke to the fact that it was a shame to keep him talking after his affray, so he retired early to his room, the little red room next to Lord Aveling's suite.

The dawn found a deserted easel bearing a canvas with a green inscription in the Hammerpond park, and it found Hammerpond house in commotion. But if dawn found Mr. Teddy Watkins and the Aveling diamonds it did not communicate the information to the police.—H. G. Wells, in Pall Mall Budget.

—"Rock of Ages" was written by Toplady. It was originally entitled "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World." It has been translated into many European languages, and everywhere has been popular. Gladstone has made Greek and Latin versions. The late Prince Albert repeated the hymn frequently during his last illness.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—"What did you think of Dauber's last picture?" "That he must eat mince pie even in summer."—Inter Ocean.

—Agnes—"Well, I want a husband who is easily pleased." Maud—"Don't worry, dear; that's the kind you'll get!"

—"Do you take this man for better or worse?" asked the minister. "I can't tell until I have had him a little while," returned the bride.—Spare Moments.

—"Holden has hit on a scheme for breaking up this terrible drought here." "I'll bet it won't work; they never do." "Great Scott, it can't fail. It's a series of picnics."—Inter Ocean.

—It is said to be a fact that there is a society for the reformation of husbands. Perhaps the lost darlings might reform themselves most speedily by keeping themselves entirely from it.—Judge.

—When we wait for one particular hope, and will not be satisfied with any other, the whole force of ourselves bends toward it; we dictate to life and wrest its tendencies at every turn.—Mrs. Whitney

—Smiles.—

We wish that it would turn about
In this old world so funny
That poverty and trouble were
As hard to find as money.

—Inter Ocean.

—"Great Scott! I wish you could suggest something new for me to do; it's horribly stupid here." Slings—"I have it. You pay me the ten dollars you borrowed about six months ago."—Inter Ocean.

—"Could you give a poor man a little assistance or find him some employment?" "You can have some work on the spot. I have a heap of wood yonder ——" "Hum!—ah, yes. I'll send you the man directly. It's not for myself I am seeking a job, but for a friend of mine."—Lesehalle.

—An Innovation.—Hills—"Say, old man, you must come to that dinner at the club to-night; all the boys will be there. Tell your wife that you've got to sit up with a sick friend." Hulls—"No; that wouldn't do. Might say I had a business engagement." Hills—"Well, that's pretty old, too. Why not tell her the truth?" Hulls—"A great idea! I never thought of that!"—Truth.

—In a Washington county town a little while ago, the local champion liar was brought up before the justice for stealing hens. It was a pretty plain case, and by the advice of his lawyer the prisoner said: "I plead guilty." This surprising answer in place of a string of lies expected staggered the justice. He rubbed his head. "I guess —I'm afraid—well, Hiram," said he, after a thoughtful pause, "I guess I'll have to have more evidence before I sentence you."—Green Bag.

SWIMMING STONES.

Where the Pumice Stone of Commerce Is Gathered.

To "swim like a stone" is usually supposed to mean to sink to the bottom of the water. But there is a sort of stone which floats, and because it moves lightly on the surface of water currents was long known as the "swimming stone."

In reality it is stone which has been melted by the intense heat of a volcano, and then cooled so rapidly that its expanded particles have not had time to condense and become solid again. Thus all its little cells are filled with air and act like so many tiny balloons in supporting the stone on or near the surface of the water.

This sort of stone is called pumice, and is in use, for various purposes, but chiefly for polishing, all over the world, though there are few places where it can be found in its native state.

Probably the greater part of all the pumice stone used comes from the Lipari islands in the Mediterranean sea. Here are the great volcanoes of Stromboli and Vulcano, which are almost incessantly in operation. It was on these islands that the ancients imagined that their god Vulcan lived, and that the flames from the volcanoes were the fires from his giant forges. To-day the volcanoes still flame and roar, but even the most ignorant of the people no longer look for Vulcan to appear.

The islands are in constant danger from earthquakes and eruptions; nevertheless they are thickly inhabited, and a large portion of the people earn their living by gathering the pumice stone and other volcanic products, such as sulphur, niter and soda.

To visit the pumice stone gatherers at their work we proceed up steep, winding paths, until at a height of about fifteen hundred feet, we come suddenly upon what seems to be a snow-clad valley, enclosed by snow-clad hills. But we see at once that it cannot be snow, for the sun is beating so hotly that the heaviest snowfall of the Arctic regions could not remain long unmelted. So we look more closely and find that the seeming snow is a fine and glistening white sand. Into the sides of the white hills tunnels have been bored, and in and out of them are coming and going the gangs of pumice stone gatherers, both men and women. The stone exists in quantities in the midst of the sand, which is itself the same stone disintegrated by the action of time and weather.

The workmen—as often women as men—fill their baskets with the light stone and carry them on their backs down the mountain to the shore. Thence the stone is shipped to Messina, or Leghorn, where it is unloaded and reshipped to ports all over the world.—American Agriculturist.

For Evening Wear.

As a summer evening gown a young lady's fancy is a printed silk with a white ground and dainty pink, blue or yellow designs and green stems. The godet skirt will have two tiny ruffles put on in ten-inch points or Vandykes, each headed with a bow of No. 16 satin ribbon. Round waist, with very full elbow sleeves. Yellowish lace epaulette ruffles, crush collar and yoke over plain satin. Insertion over satin serves as a belt and bracelet bands on the sleeves. A pretty belt is also made of five-inch ribbon in crush style around the waist, and having a rosette on the left, from where two long ends fall. If a low neck is preferred finish it with a full lace ruffle draped up just in front of each arm with a rosette, and make short puffed sleeves. White and yellow, pink, black and green, yellow or bright turquoise blue are all fashionable.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Johnny's Little Game.

Little Ethel—Johnny took my banana.

Mother—Johnny! What do you mean——

Little Johnny—It was all in the game, mamma. I said, "Let's play Broadway," and she said, "All wight," and so she got a table for a banana stand, and then I was a policeman and walked past.—Good News.

FARM AND GARDEN.

PROGRESSIVE FARMING.

Why Draining Is Much More Effective Than Open Ditches.

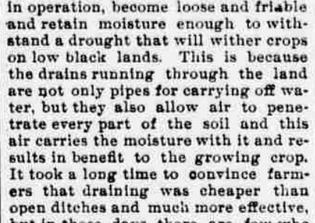
Drainage is being studied now by farmers as never before, and in all sections of the country it is becoming a matter of first importance. There are very few farms upon which more or less tiles could not be used with great profit, and as a rule the farmer who begins to drain his farm will be so fully convinced of the benefits derived therefrom that he will continue putting in drains until he has finished the work on the whole farm. A heavy clay soil can never be farmed to the best purpose unless it is drained and except for special crops, most of mucky and low-lying lands are benefited by a thorough system of drainage. A very few sections of the country have a subsoil that is in such condition that drainage is not necessary. These are the sections where the soil rests on a stratum of gravel that allows the surface water to pass away through underground channels. In some places a stratum of clay lies above the gravel, and this must be cut through before the water can reach its outlet. These places are so few and limited in area that in comparison with the whole country or that part of it where drainage is needed, that they are of little importance in considering the subject.

Drainage acts in two ways. It allows the surplus water to run away quickly, leaving the soil in a shape to be tilled in a short time after heavy rains, and paradoxical as it may seem, it keeps the soil in a condition to retain more moisture than it would if undrained. A hard, compact clay soil that in dry times will become baked and lumpy if not drained, will, when a proper system of drainage is in operation, become loose and friable and retain moisture enough to withstand a drought that will wither crops on low black lands. This is because the drains running through the land are not only pipes for carrying off water, but they also allow air to penetrate every part of the soil and this air carries the moisture with it and results in benefit to the growing crop. It took a long time to convince farmers that draining was cheaper than open ditches and much more effective, but in these days there are few who will dispute the fact, and these few are among the unprogressive who do not read the papers. — American Farmer.

ABOUT CELLAR STAIRS.

They Can Be Constructed So That They Will Last Many Years.

As usually constructed, the outside cellar stairs become very much dilapidated after a few years of use, and many serious accidents occur by falling or slipping from and upon the decaying steps. If stones of the right length can be obtained, they are the best possible material for the steps, the next best being plank, though neither can be depended upon unless the whole space underneath the steps, down to the level of the cellar floor, be laid up in masonry. Where only small stone, either round or flat, is at hand, lay up



DURABLE CELLAR STAIRS.

the stairs of this material thoroughly imbedded in mortar, making the steps of the needed height. When this is done, cut a plank step of the proper width and length for each step, and place them on top of the stone step, as shown in the accompanying illustration. Upon each side fit a retaining board, and the result will be steps that are durable and generally satisfactory. If possible, make the steps from two-inch pine plank, covering the whole with folding doors, in the usual manner.—American Agriculturist.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

The brooder should not be dark. Light is essential.

It is said that 100 hens will pay a better profit than a cow.

It stands to reason that raw corn meal is not as good for young chicks as cooked meal is.

Avoid high roosts, if you would not have bumble foot, especially if the fowls are large ones.

It is both cruel and injurious to prevent fowls from having all the water they want in hot weather.

When feeding whole grain to fowls scatter it well. If thrown to them in a heap they will gorge themselves.

Continued health will be found in pure water, good food, clean quarters and in not overcrowding. Neglect these things and likely your fowls will sicken and die.

When fowls go on the roosts with wet legs in cold weather, the feet may be frozen. Some remove the roosts, under such circumstances, and let the fowls rest on straw.—Farmers Voice.

Oats as a Food for Hens.

Oats are highly recommended as an egg-producing food for hens. Oats contain more mineral matter and less starch than wheat or corn, and for that reason they should enter into the ration, not only by way of variety, but because they will aid in supplying the hens more completely for producing eggs. Ground oats, sifted, make the best food for little chicks and may be fed dry. Our farmers do not feed enough oats and thus get their hens too fat by allowing them corn and and wheat in excess. A change of grain will be beneficial and highly relished.—Breeders' Gazette.

Protecting Timothy Sod.

Timothy grass makes slow growth after cutting, especially when cut late. The hot sun striking the ground bakes it and dries up the roots, which in timothy are mostly near the surface. A mulch of anything spread at this time is better than if given late in the fall, in winter, or in the spring. There is no appreciable loss in spreading manure on timothy sod in summer. It is dried up by the sun, but in its dry state there is no fermentation and no ammonia to be given off. When fall rains come the manure is washed down into the soil where it is most needed.—Rural World.

Chappie—"Did you know that Blenkin, deah boy, is going to be me brother-in-law!" Miss Spicing—"Dear me, no. Is it a brother or sister he's in love with!"—Inter Ocean.

"Rise in the worl' all yoh kin," said Uncle Eben to the young man, "but doan fohgit yoh reputation. Hit do come in handy foh er parachute."—Washington Star.

The saddest sights in the world are a bachelor holding a baby, a woman riding a bicycle, and a one-armed man out driving with a girl.—Austin (Tex.) Rolling Stone.

Teacher—"Who is that whistling in school?" New Boy—"Me. Didn't you know I could whistle!"—Travelers Record.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27, 1894.			
CATTLE—Native Steers	$4 40	@	4 85
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7
FLOUR—Winter Wheat	2 90	@	4 35
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	57½	@	58¼
CORN—No. 2	60½	@	60¾
OATS—No. 2	....	@	27½
PORK—New Mess	15 00	@	15 25
ST. LOUIS			
COTTON—Middling	....	@	6¾
BEEVES—Shipping Steers	4 25	@	4 85
Medium	4 00	@	4 30
HOGS—Fair to Select	5 30	@	5 50
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 25	@	3 00
FLOUR—Patents	2 60	@	2 75
Fancy to Extra do	2 40	@	2 55
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	58½	@	59
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	52½	@	53
OATS—No. 2	....	@	25¾
RYE—No. 2	51	@	52
TOBACCO—Lugs	4 00	@	11 00
Leaf Burley	8 00	@	12 00
HAY—Clear Timothy	9 00	@	11 00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	18	@	21
EGGS—Fresh	....	@	10½
PORK—Standard Mess (new)	....	@	14 00
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	7¾
LARD—Prime Steam	....	@	7
CHICAGO			
CATTLE—Shipping	3 75	@	5 35
HOGS—Fair to Choice	5 10	@	5 35
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 50	@	3 25
FLOUR—Winter Patents	2 80	@	3 00
Spring Patents	3 50	@	3 90
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	53½	@	55¼
No. 2 Red	58½	@	59
CORN—No. 2	....	@	47½
OATS—No. 2	....	@	24
PORK—Mess (new)	13 50	@	13 55
KANSAS CITY			
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	3 75	@	5 25
HOGS—All Grades	5 25	@	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	....	@	54½
OATS—No. 2	20	@	21
CORN—No. 2	....	@	51½
NEW ORLEANS			
FLOUR—High Grade	2 60	@	3 00
CORN—No. 2	....	@	....
OATS—Western	37½	@	38
HAY—Choice	15 50	@	16 00
PORK—New Mess	....	@	14 25
BACON—Sides	....	@	....
COTTON—Middling	....	@	6¾
LOUISVILLE			
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	59½	@	59
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	57½	@	58
OATS—No. 2 Mixed (New)	31½	@	32
PORK—New Mess	14 00	@	14 25
BACON—Clear Rib	....	@	9¼
COTTON—Middling	....	@	7⅝

"Boy, is your father in!" "I guess so. Heard ma call somebody a dunce just now. 'Twant me, coz I wan't there. She wouldn't a dared to call the cook such names; so I guess it must have been dad."—Boston Transcript.

Never Saw Anything Else—Bradford—"I wonder where Biggs acquired all his knowledge about women's hats!" Robinson—"He used to go to the theater frequently."—Truth.

When a man does not want to do a thing he says: "I cannot;" when he cannot do it he says: "I don't want to."—Fleigende Blatter.

All the evils that are to be found in soda water are always winked at.

A. N. K., B. 1515.